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THE BOOK OF CURTESYE

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FRANCIS JENKINSON

1907 July 26

I certify that I have printed 250 copies only of this facsimile, that the impressions have been rubbed off the plates and the negatives destroyed.

P. DUJARDIN

Lytyl John ſyth your tendre enfancye
Stondeth as yet vnder / in difference
To vice or vertu to meuyn or applye
And in ſuche age ther is no prouidence
Ne comenly no ſad Intelligence
But as wexe reſſeyueth prynte or fygure
So children ben diſpoſid of nature

Vyce or vertue to folowe and enpreſſe
In mynde / and therfore / to ſtyre & remeue
You from vice / and to vertu addreſſe
That one to folowe / and that other teſchewe
I haue deuyſed you / this lytyl newe
Inſtruccōn / accordyng vnto your age
Playne in ſentence / but playner in lagage

Take hede therfore / and herkne what I ſaye
And gyue therto / your good aduertence
Lete not your ere be here & your herte awaye
But put ye therto / beſy diligence
Leyng aparte al wanta. by Juſolence
Lerneth to be vertuous / and wel thewed
Who wil not lerne / nedely he muſt be lewed

Afore alle thing / and principally
In the morenyng / whan ye vp riſe
To worſhipe god / haue in memorie
With cryſtes croſſe / loke ye bleſſe you thriſe
Your pater noſter / ſaye in deuoute wyſe
Aue maria / with the holy crede
Thenne alle the day / the better ſhal ye ſpede

And while that ye be aboute honeſtly
To dreſſe your ſelf / & do on your araye
With your felawe / wel and tretably
Oure lady matyns / loke that ye ſaye
And this obſeruan̄ce / vſe ye euery daye
With pryme and ouris / withouten drede
The bleſſid lady / wil quyte you your mede

Kembe your hede / & loke ye kepe it clene
Your eres tweyne / ſuffre not fowl to be
In your viſage / wayte no ſpot be ſene
Purge your noſe / lete noman in it ſee
The vile mater / it is none honeſte
Ne with your bare honde / no filth fro it fecche
For that is fowl / and an vnartoys teche

Your hondes weſſhe/it is an holſom thing
Your naylis loke/they be not gety blacke
Ne ſuffre not hem/to be oū longe growyng
To your araye/I warne you good hede take
That manerly ye ſytte it vp and make
Your hood.gowne.hoſyn/& eke your ſho
With al your aray longyng your body to

Kepe you clene/and loſe not your gere
And or ye paſſe/out of your loggyng
Euery garment/that ye ſhal on were
Awayte wel/that it be ſo ſyttyng
As to your degre/ſemeth accordyng
Thēne wil men ſaye/forſoth this childe is he
That is wel taught/and louyth honeſte

And as ye walke/and paſſe by the ſtrete
Be ye not nyce of chere/and countenaunce
But loke my child/to folkes that ye mete
Ye ſpeke fayr/with wordes of pleſaunce
Demure and curtoys/of your demenaunce
To hym that is your felawe and pere
Gyue ye fair langage/and afrendly chere

Caſte no ſtyck ne ſtone at fowle ne beeſt
And where ye walke / beware ye ne rage
For yf ye doo / ye ſhal be wrecheles ſeeſt
Terre not with hoūd in felde ne in vilage
Go forth your waye / demenyng your viage
In ſobre wyſe / that men may of you ſaye
A goodly chyld / ther paſſeth by the waye

And whan ye come to yͤ chirche my litil child
Holy water / ye ſhal vpon you caſte
Byfore yͤ croſſe / with chere meke & mylde
Knele adoun̄ / and knocke on your breſte
Thankyng the good lord yͭ on it didn reſte
And there / for you ſuffryd his ſides to blede
Saye ye or ye riſe / pat̄ noſter / aue / & a crede

Auyſe you wel alſo / for ony thinge
The chirche of prayer / is hous and place
Beware therfore / of clappe or Jangelyng
For in yͤ chirche / it is a ful grete treſpaas
And a token of ſuche / as lackyth grace
There be ye demure / and kepe ye ſcilence
And ſerue ye god / with al your diligence

To helpe the preeſt / whan he ſaith maſſe
Whan it ſhal happen you or betyde
Remeue not fer / ne from his preſence paſſe
Knele or ſtonde ye / deuoutly hym beſyde
And not to nygh your tōge muſte be applide
Tanſwere hym / with voys ful moderate
Auyſe you wel / my lityl childe algate.

To mynyſtre / with deuoute reuerence
Loke ye do / youre humble obſeruaūce
Debonairly / with due obedyence
Circumſpectly / with euery circumſtaunce
Of port and chere / of goodly countenaūce
Remembryng wel the lord / a boue is he
Whom to ſerue / is gretteſt liberte

And whan ye ſpeke / loke men in the face
With ſobre chere / and goodly ſemblaunce
Caſte not your eye a ſyde / in other place
For that is a token of wantoun inconſtāce
Whiche wil appeyre your name ⁊ diſauaūce
The wiſe mā ſaith who hath theſe thīgis thre
Is not lyke a good man for to be

In herte he ſeith/ who that is inconſtaūte
A wauerynge eye/ glydyng ſodeynly
Fro place to place/ ⁊ afoot variaūte
That in no place/ abydeth ſtably
These ben yͤ ſignes/ the wiſemā ſeith ſikerly
Of ſuche a wight/ as is vnmanerly nyce
And is ful likely diſpoſid vnto vyce

Awayte my chylde/ whan ye ſtāde atte table
Of maiſter or ſouerayn/ whether it be
Apply ye you for to be ſeruyſable
That no defaute in you founden be
Loke/ who doth beſt/ and hym enſiewe ye
And in eſpecyal/ vſe ye attendaunce
Wherein ye ſhal your ſelf beſt auaunce

As ye be comanded/ ſo do ye algate
Be not cauſeles/ fro the table abſent
It is a grete pleſure/ to the hyghe eſtate
To ſee his ſeruauntis aboute hym preſent
Haunte no halke/ for thēne ye wil be ſhente
Lete maner ⁊ meſure/ be your gydes tweyne
So ſhal ye beſt pleſe/ I dar ſauely ſeyne

Rewarde alſo the loke and contenaunce
Of your maiſter / or of your ſouereyne
So ſhal ye beſt preue · what is his pleſāce
Or els diſpleſaunce / this is ſoth ſerteyne
The chere diſcouerith / often bothe tweyne
And eke yͤ chere / ſomtyme may you addreſſe
In thīgis / yͭ lāgage may not them expreſſe

And that ye her loke / kepe alway ſecree
Beſy reporte / of miſchief is chief noryſe
Mykyl langage / may not al fawtles bee
Thēne do my childe / as techeth you the wyſe
Whiche vnto you / this leſſon doth deuyſe
Here and ſee / and be ſtyll in euery prees
Paſſe forth your way in ſcilence & in pees

And yet in auenture / yf the caas require
Ye may ſpeke / but ye muſte thenne ꝑcaas
Seuē cōdicōns obſerue / as ye may now hyre
Auyſe you wel / what ye ſaye / & in what place
Of whom / & to whom in your mynde cōpace
How ye ſhal ſpeke / & whan take good hede
This cōncelith the wiſe man withoute drede

Awayte my chylde / ye be haue you manerly
Whan at your mete / ye ſitte at the table
In euery prees and in euery company
Diſpoſe you to be ſo compenable
That men may of you reporte for ꝯmēdable
For truſteth wel / vpon your berynge
Men wil you blame or gyue preyſynge

And prynte ye trewly your memorie
For a principal point of fair norture
Ye depraue no man abſent eſpecyally
Saynt auſtyn amoneſſheth with beſy cure
How men atte table / ſhold hem aſſure
That there eſcape them / no ſuche langage
As myght other folke hurte to diſparage

This curtoys clerk / writeth in this wiſe
Rebukynge the vice / of vyle detraccō
What may it be / that of cuſtom & guyſe
Hurteth with tunge / or by foule coluſiō
Thabſente / weyue ye for that abuſion
Suche a detractour / from the table
As vnworthy / and alſo reprochable

Whan ye ſitte therfore at your repaſte
Annoye ye noman preſente nor abſente
But ſpeke ye ſelwe/for yt ye make waſte
Of large langage/for ſothe ye muſt be ſhent
And whan ye ſpeke/ſpeke ye with good entent
Of maters acordyng vnto pleſance
But nothīg/that may cauſe men greuaūce

Eſchewe alſo taches of foule rauyne
Of gredy luſte/with vnaurteys appetyte
Prece not to ſone/fro your viand reſtreyne
Your honde a while/with manerly reſpite
Fede you for neceſſite/& not for delite
Demene you with mete/& drynke ſo ſobrely
That ye not ben enfecte with glotony

Enbrewe not your veſſel/ne your naprye
Ouer maner & meſure/but kepe hem clene
Enſoyle not your cuppe/but kepe it clenlye
Lete no fat farſione/on your lippes be ſene.
For that is foule/ye wote what I mene
Or than ye drynke/for your owen honeſte
Your lippes wype/and clenly loke they be

Blowe not in your drynke ne in your potage
Ne farſe not your diſhe to ful of brede
Bere not your knyf / to ward your viſage
For therin is parell / and mykyl drede
Clawe not your viſage / touche not your hede
With your bare honde / ſittyng atte table
For in nortture / ſuche thing is reprouable

Lose not your gyrdel / ſittyng at your mete
For that is a tacche / of vncurteſye
But yf ye ſeme / ye be enbraced ſtreite
Or than ye ſpitte / amende it ſecretly
So couertly that no wight you eſpye
Beware alſo / no breth fro you rebounde
Vp ne doun / leſte ye were ſhameful founde

Be ye huſſht in chambre / ſcylent in halle
Herken wel and gyue good audience
Yf vſſher or marchal for ony rumour calle
Put ye Jauglers to rebuke for ſilence
Be ye myld of langage / demure of eloquēce
Enforce you vnto hym conformed to be
That can moſte good / and hath humanyte

Touche not with your mete/ſalt ī the ſaler
Leſt folk apoynte you of vncomyngneſſe
Dreſſe it aparte/vpon a clene trencher
Farſe not your mouth to ful/for wātoneſſe
Lene not vpon the table/for that rude is
And yf I ſhal to you playnly ſaye
Ouer the table/ye ſhal not ſpetel conueye

Yef ye be ſerued/with metes delicat
Departe with your felowe/in gentil wiſe
The clerck ſaith/nature is contēt ⁊ ſaciate
With mene diete/and litil ſhal ſuffyſe
Departe therfore/as I you deuyſe
Engroſe not/vnto your ſelf all
For gentilnes/wil aye be liberall

And whan percaas your ſeruiſe is not large
Grucheth not/with frownyng contenāce
Ne make therof/not to mykyl charge
Diſpoſe you to goodly ſuffrāce
And what ye haue/take it in ſuffyſāce
Be ye pleſid with ſuche as god hath you ſent
He hath ynough/that can holde hym contēt

Burnyſſhe no bones / with your teth / beware
Suche houndis taches / ſalle of vncurteſye
But with your knyf / make the bones bare
Handle your mete / ſo wel and ſo clenly
That ye offende not the company
Where ye be ſette / as ferforth as ye can
Remēbryng wel / that maners make man

And whan that / ye ete your mete ſmall
With open mouth / beware ye not ete
But loke your lyppes / be cloſed as a wall
Whan to and fro / ye trauerſe your mete
Kepe you ſo cloos / that men haue no cōſeite
To ſaye of you / ony langage or vilonye
Bicauſe ye ete your mete / vnmanerly

Beware my child / of laughyng ouͬ meſure
Ne at the borde / ye ſhal no naylles pare
Ne pyke your teth / with knyf / I you aſſure
Ete at your meſſe / and other folkes ſpare
A gloton can but make the bones bare
And of ynough / he taketh neuer hede
He fedith more for luſt / than for nede

And whan ẏ borde is thynne / as of ſeruyſe
Nought repleneſſhed with grete diuerſite
Of mete & drīke good chere may then ſuffiſe
With honeſt talkyng / and alſo ought ye
With gladſom chere / thenne fulſom for to be
The poete ſaith / hou that a poure borde
Men may enriche / with chereful wil & worde

And one thing my chylde / ye vnderſtonde
In eſpecyall / for your owne honeſte
In the water / waſſhe ſo clene your hondes
That your towel / neuer enſoyled be
So fowle / that it be lothſom on to ſee
Waſſhe with water / your hondes ſo clene
That in the towel ſhal no ſpotte be ſene

Lete not your ſpone / in your diſſhe ſtōding
Ne vpon the table / it ſhold not lye
Lete your trenchour / be clene for ony thing
And yf ye haue chāge / yet as honeſtly
As ye can / make a voyde manerly
So that no fragmēt / fro your trēcher falle
Do thus my chylde / in chambre & ī halle

And whan another man/ ſpekith atte table
Beware ye interrupte not/his langage
For that is a thinge diſcomendable
And it is no ſigne of folkes ſage
To be of langage/beſy and outrage
For the wyſe man ſaid/in his ſentence
He ſhold be wyſe/that gyueth audience

Vnderſtonde therfore er than ye ſpeke
Prynte in your mynde/clerly the ſentence
Who that wyth/a mannes tale to breke
Letteth vncurteyſly/alle the audyence
And hurteth hym ſelf/for lack of ſcience
He may not gyue anſwere conuenyente
That herith not fynally/what is mente

But beware my child/alſo of reherſayle
Of maters/whiche ben atte table mevid
It greuith ofte/and doth men diſauayle
Ful many a man/þͭ vice hath myſchevid
Of evyl thing ſaid/is werſe contryuid
Suche reportis/alway my child eſchewe
As may of olde frēdis/make enemyes new

Aduiſe you wel whan ye take your diſporte
Honeſt games/that ye haunte and vſe
And ſuche as ben of vylayns reporte
I counceyl you my chyld/that ye refuſe
For truſte ye wel/ye ſhal you not excuſe
From brecheles feſte/and I may you eſpye
Playng at ony game of Rybawdrye

It is to a godly chyld wel ſyttyng
To vſe diſportes of myrthe & pleſaũce
To harpe or lute/or luſtely to ſynge
Or in the prees right manerly to daunce
Whan men ſe a chyld of ſuche gouernaunce
They ſaye/glad may this chyldis frēdis be
To haue a chylde/ſo manerly as is he

Exerciſe your ſelf alſo in redyng
Of bokes enorned with eloquence
Ther ſhal ye fynde/bothe pleſir & lernyng
So that ye may/in euery good preſence
Somwhat fynde/as in ſentence
That ſhal accorde/the tyme to occupy
That ye not nede/to ſtonden ydelly

It is ſayd / for to be compendiatyf
In maters vnto purpoſe accordyng
So that a wyght ſeme excerſyf
For truſteth wel / it is a tedyous thyng
For to here a chylde / multeplye talkyng
Yf it be not to the purpoſe applyed
And alſo with goodly termys alyed

Redeth gower in his wrytyng morall
That auncyent fader of memorye
Redeth his bookes / called confeſſionall
With many another vertuous traytye
Ful of ſentence / ſet ful fructuoſly
That hym to rede / ſhal gyue you corage
He is ſo ful of fruyt + ſentēce and langage

O fader and founder of ornate eloquence
That enlumened haſt alle our bretayne
To ſoone we loſte / thy laureate ſcyence
O luſty lyquour / of that fulſom fontayne
O curſyd deth / why haſt thou yͤ poete ſlayne
I mene fader chaucer / maiſter galfryde
Alas the whyle / that euer he from vs dyde

Redeth his werkis/ful of pleſaunce
Clere in ſentence/in langage excellent
Briefly to wryte/ſuche was his ſuffyſance
What euer to ſaye/he toke in his entente
His langage was ſo fayr and pertynente
It ſemeth vnto mannys heeryng
Not only the worde/but verely the thynge

Redeth my chylde/redeth his bookes alle
Refuſeth none/they ben expedyente
Sentence or langage/or bothe fynde ye ſhalle
Ful delectable/for that good fader mente
Of al his purpoſe/and his hole entente
How to pleſe in euery audyence
And in our tunge/was welle of eloquence

Beholde Ocklyf in his tranſlacon
In goodly langage/⁊ ſentēce paſſyng wyſe
How he gyueth his prynce/ſuche exortacon
As to the hyeſt/he coude beſt deuyſe
Of trouthe+pees+mercy+and Juſtiſe
And vertues/leetyng for no ſlouthe
To do his deuoir ⁊ quite him of his trouthe

Awayte my chylde / ye be haue you manerly
Whan at your mete / ye ſitte at the table
In euery prees and in euery company
Diſpoſe you to be ſo compenable
That men may of you reporte for ꝯmēdable
For truſteth wel / vpon your berynge
Men wil you blame or gyue preyſynge

And prynte ye trewly your memorie
For a princypal point of fair norture
Ye depraue no man abſent eſpecyally
Saynt auſtyn amoneſſheth with beſy cure
How men atte table / ſhold hem aſſure
That there eſcape them / no ſuche langage
As myght other folke hurte to diſparage

This curtoys clerk / writeth in this wiſe
Rebukynge the vice / of vyle detraccōn
What may it be / that of cuſtom & guyſe
Hurteth with tunge / or by foule coluſiōn
Thabſente / weyue ye for that abuſion
Suche a detractour / from the table
As vnworthy / and alſo reprochable

Whan ye ſitte therfore at your repaſte
Annoye ye noman preſente nor abſente
But ſpeke ye ſelwe / for yt ye make waſte
Of large langage / for ſothe ye muſt be ſhent
And whan ye ſpeke / ſpeke ye with good ẽtẽt
Of maters accordyng vnto pleſance
But nothĩg / that may cauſe men greuãce

Eſchewe alſo tacches of foule Rauyne
Of gredy luſte / with vncurteys appetyte
Prece not to ſone / fro your viand reſtreyne
Your honde a while / with manerly reſpite
Fede you for neceſſite / ⁊ not for delite
Demene you with mete / ⁊ drynke ſo ſoberly
That ye not ben enfecte with glotony

Enbrewe not your veſſel / ne your naprye
Ouer maner ⁊ meſure / but kepe hem clene
Enſoyle not your cuppe / but kepe it clenlye
Lete no fat farſione / on your lippes be ſene.
For that is foule / ye wote what I mene
Or than ye drynke / for your owen honeſte
Your lippes wype / and clenly loke they be

Blowe not in your drike ne in your potage
Ne ſarſe not your diſhe to ful of brede
Bere not your knyf / to ward your viſage
For therin is parell / and mykyl drede
Clawe not your viſage / touche not your hede
With your bare honde / ſittyng atte table
For in norture / ſuche thing is reprouable

Loſe not your gyrdel / ſittyng at your mete
For that is a tacche / of vncurteſye
But yf ye ſeme / ye be embraced ſtreite
Or than ye ſytte / amende it ſecretly
So couertly that no wight you eſpye
Beware alſo / no breth fro you rebounde
Vp ne doũ / leſte ye were ſhameful founde

Be ye huſht in chambre / ſcylent in halle
Herken wel and gyue good audience
Yf vſſher or marchal for ony rumour calle
Put ye Jauglers to rebuke for ſilence
Be ye myld of langage / demure of eloquẽce
Enforce you vnto hym conformed to be
That can moſte good / and hath humanyte

Touche not with your mete / ſalt ĩ the ſaler
Leſt folk apoynte you of vncomyngneſſe
Dreſſe it aparte / vpon a clene trencher
Farſe not your mouth to ful / for wãtoneſſe
Lene not vpon the table / for that rude is
And yf I ſhal to you playnly ſaye
Ouer the table / ye ſhal not ſpetel conueye

Yef ye be ſerued / with metes delicat
Departe with your felowe / in gentil wiſe
The clerck ſaith / nature is contēt & ſaciate
With mene diete / and litil ſhal ſuffyſe
Departe therfore / as I you deuyſe
Engroſe not / vnto your ſelf all
For gentilnes / wil aye be liberall

And whan percaas your ſeruiſe is not large
Grucheth not / with frownyng contenaũce
Ne make therof / not to mykyl charge
Diſpoſe you to goodly ſuffraũce
And what ye haue / take it in ſuffyſaũce
Be ye pleſid with ſuche as god hath you ſent
He hath ynough / that can holde hym contēt

Burnyſſhe no bones/with your teth/beware
Suche houndis tacchis/falle of vncurteſye
But with your knyf/make the bones bare
Handle your mete/ſo wel and ſo clenly
That ye offende not the company
where ye be ſette/as ferforth as ye can
Remēbryng wel/that maners make man

And whan that/ye ete your mete ſmall
with open mouth/beware ye not ete
But loke your lippes/be cloſed as a wall
whan to and fro/ye trauerſe your mete
Kepe you ſo cloos/that men haue no cōſeite
To ſaye of you/ony langage or vilonye
Bicauſe ye ete your mete/vnmanerly

Beware my child/of laughyng ou̅ meſure
Ne at the borde/ye ſhal no nayles pare
Ne pyke your teth/with knyf/I you aſſure
Ete at your meſſe/and other folkes ſpare
A gloton can but make the bones bare
And of ynough/he taketh neuer hede
He fedith more for luſt/than for nede

[illegible]

And whan ẏ borde is thynne / as of ſeruyſe
Nought repleneſſhed with grete diuerſite
Of mete & drīke good chere may thē ſuffiſe
With honeſt talkyng / and alſo ought ye
With gladſom chere / themme fulſom for to be
The poete ſaith / hou that a pouere borde
Men may enriche / with chereful wil & worde

And one thing my chylde / ye vnderſtonde
In eſpecyall / for your owne honeſte
In the water / waſſhe ſo clene your hondes
That your towel / neuer enſoyled be
So fowle / that it be lothſom on to ſee
Waſſhe with water / your hondes ſo clene
That in the towel ſhal no ſpotte be ſene

Lete not your ſpone / in your diſſhe ſtōding
Ne vpon the table / it ſhold not lye
Lete your trenchour / be clene for ony thing
And yf ye haue chāge / yet as honeſtly
As ye can / make a voyde manerly
So that no fragmēt / fro your trēcher falle
Do thus my chylde / in chambre & in halle

And whan another man/ſpekith atte table
Beware ye interrupte not/his langage
For that is a thinge diſcomendable
And it is no ſigne of folkes ſage
To be of langage/beſy and outrage
For the wyſe man ſaith/in his ſentence
He ſhold be wyſe/that gyueth audience

Vnderſtonde therfore or than ye ſpeke
Prynte in your mynde/clerly the ſentence
Who that vſith/a mannes tale to breke
Letteth vncurteyſly/alle the audyence
And hurteth hym ſelf/for lack of ſcience
He may not gyue anſwere conuenyente
That herith not fynally/what is mente

But beware my child/alſo of reherſaylle
Of materes/whiche ben atte table meuid
It greuith ofte/and doth men diſauayle
Ful many a man/yͭ vice hath myſcheuid
Of euyl thing ſaid/is werſe contryuid
Suche reportis/alway my child eſchewe
As may of olde frēdis/make enemyes newe

Aduiſe you wel whan ye take your diſporte
Honeſt games/that ye haunte and vſe
And ſuche as ben of vylayns reporte
I councèyl you my chyld/that ye refuſe
For truſte ye wel/ye ſhal you not excuſe
From brecheles feſte/and I may you eſpye
Playng at ony game of Rybawdrye

It is to a godly chyld wel ſyttyng
To vſe diſportes of myrthe & pleſāce
To harpe or lute/or luſtely to ſynge
Or in the prees right manerly to daunce
Whan men ſe a chyld of ſuche gouernaunce
They ſaye/glad may this chyldis frēdis be
To haue a chylde/ſo manerly as is he

Exerciſe your ſelf alſo in redyng
Of bokes enorned with eloquence
Ther ſhal ye fynde/bothe pleſir & lernyng
So that ye may/in euery good preſence
Somwhat fynde/as in ſentence
That ſhal accorde/the tyme to occupy
That ye not nede/to ſtonden ydelly

It is fayr / for to be compendyatyf
In materes vnto purpoſe accordyng
So that a wyght ſeme expreſyf
For truſteth wel / it is a tedyous thyng
For to here a chylde / multeplye talkyng
Yf it be not to the purpoſe applyed
And alſo with / goodly termys alyed

Redeth gower in his wrytyng morall
That auncyent fader of memorye
Redeth his bookes / called confeſſionall
With many another vertuous traytye
Ful of ſentence / ſet ful fructuoſly
That hym to rede / ſhal gyue you corage
He is ſo ful of fruyt. ſentēce and langage

O fader and founder of ornate eloquence
That enlumened haſt alle our bretayne
To ſoone we loſte / thy laureate ſcyence
O luſty lyquour / of that fulſom fontayne
O curſid deth / why haſt thou yͤ poete ſlayne
I mene fader chaucer / maiſter galfryde
Alas the whyle / that euer he from vs dyde

Redeth his werkis / ful of pleſaunce
Clere in ſentence / in langage excellent
Briefly to wryte / ſuche was his ſuffyſaunce
What euer to ſaye / he toke in his entente
His langage was ſo fayr and pertynente
It ſemeth vnto mannys herynge
Not only the worde / but verely the thynge

Redeth my chylde / redeth his bookes alle
Refuſeth none / they ben expedyente
Sentence or langage / or bothe fynde ye ſhalle
Ful delectable / for that good fader mente
Of al his purpoſe / and his hole entente
How to pleſe in euery audyence
And in our tunge / was welle of eloquence

Beholde Ocklyf in his tranſlacoū
In goodly langage / & ſentēce paſſyng wyſe
How he gyueth his prynce / ſuche exortacoū
As to the hyeſt / he coude beſt deuyſe
Of trouthe + pees + mercy + and Juſtiſe
And vertues / leuyng for no ſlouthe
To do his deuoir & quite hym of his trouthe

Required hym/as ayenſt his ſouerayne
Moſt drad ⁊ louyd/whos excellent hynes
He aduertyſed/by his wrytyng playne
To vertu/apperteynyng to nobles
Of a prynce/as bereth good witnes
His traytye/entitled of regymente
Compyled of entyer trewe entente

Compilis

Loke alſo/vpon dan John lydgate
My maiſter whylome/monke of berye
Worthy to be renomed/as poete laureate
I praye to god in blyſſe his ſoule be mercy
Syngyng Rex ſplendens that heuenly kyrye
Amonge the muſes nyne celeſtyall
Byfore the hyeſt Jubyter of all

Paſſyng the muſes nyne of Elycon
Where is non pareyl of armonye
Thider I truſte my meiſtres ſoule be gone
The ſterrid paleys/aboue the dapplyd ſkye
There to ſynge ſanctus inceſſantly
Amonge the muſes in celeſtyall
Byfore the hyeſt/Jubiter of all

Redeth his volumes/ that ben large & wyde
Seuerly ſet/in ſadnes of ſentence
Enlumyned with colours freſſh on euery ſide
Me lacketh witte/I haue none eloquence
To gyue hym lawde/after his excellence
For I dar ſaye/he lefte hym not a lyue
That coude his cōnyng/ſufficiently diſcriue

But his werkis/his laude/muſte nede cōq̄re
They may neuer/out of remembraunce dye
His werkis ſhal his name conueye & bere
Aboute the world/almoſt eternely
Lete his owē werkis preyſe hym & magneſie
I dar not preyſe/for fere leſt I offende
My lāgage/ſhold rather apeyre than amende

Loo my child/theſe faders auncyente
Repen the feldes freſſhe of fulſomnes
The flours freſh they gadred vp & hente
Of ſiluer langage/the grete riches
Who wil it haue my lityl childe doutles
Muſte of hem begge/ther is nomore to ſaye
For of our tunge/they were both lok & kaye

Ther can nomā now her werkis disteyne
The enbaumed tonge / and aureate sentence
Men gete it now / by cantelmele & gleyne
Here and there by besy diligence
And fayne wold reche / her craft of eloquēce
And by the gleyne / it is ful oft sene
In whos felde / the gleyners haue bene

And vnto me / age hath do good mowche
I am not able clenly for to gleyne
Nature is fayn̄ of craft / her eyen to bowche
Me lacketh clerenes of myn eyen tweyne
Begge I maye / gleyne I am not certeyne
Therfore ÿ werck / I wil playnly remytte
To folkis yong / more pullyng clere of witte

Seche ye therfore / and in caas ye fynde
Such gleyners fresshe as haue som apparēce
Of fayr langage / yet take hem & vnbynde
And perue ye / what they be in existence
Coloured in langage / sauerly in sentence
And doubte not my childe / withoute drede
It wil prouffite to see suche thingis & rede

Yet eft ſones my child/lete vs reſorte
To thentente of yur firſt mater
Degreſſed ſomwhat/for we wold reporte
And reuiue the laude of hem that were
Famous in our langage/theſe faders dere
Whos ſowles in blyſſe/god eternel auaunce
That lyſten ſo our langage to enhaunce

Therfore lytyl John/I counceyl you that ye
Take hede to the norture/that men vſe
Newe founde/or auncyent whether it be
So ſhal no man your curtoiſye refuſe
The guyſe & cuſtom/my child ſhal you excuſe
Mennys werkis haue often enterchaunge
That nowe is norture/ſomtyme had be ſtraunge

Thingis whilom vſed/ben now leyd a ſyde
And newe feetis/dayly ben contreuid
Mennys actes/can in no plyte abyde
They be changeable and ofte meuid
Thingis ſomtyme alowed/is now repreued
And after this/ſhal thinges vp aryſe
That men ſet now/but at lytyl pryſe

This mene I my childe / yͭ ye ſhal haunte
The guyſe of them / that do moſt manerly
But beware of vnthryft Ruſkyn galāte
Counterfeter of vncomyng curtoiſye
His tacchis ben enfecte with vilonye
Vngyrte. Vnblyſſed. ſeruyng atte table
Me ſemeth hym a ſeruaūt nothing able

Wynter and ſomer to his ſouereyne
Capron hardy / no bonet lyſte to auale
For euery word / gyuīg his maiſter tweyne
Auauntparler / in euery mannys tale
Abſolon / with diſheueled heris ſmale
Lyke to a pryſoner of ſeynt malowis
A ſonny buſſhe / able to go to the galowis

O I paſſe norture fy fy for ſhame
I myght haue ſaid he ſhold go hauke & honte
For that ſhold be a gentilmans game
To ſuche diſportes / gentil folkes be wonte
I ſayd to ferre / my langage was to blonte
But yet ſir galāte whā ye ſhal bowe or knele
He goth by compace round as doth a whele

Braced ſo ſtrayt/that he may not plye
But gaderith it/by maner of a wyndelas
And he ought wrenche a ſyde/or a litil wrie
His geer ſtondeth thēne/in ful parloꝰ caas
His ſho/his hoſe/doblet/point & laas
And yf ought breke/ſom̄e tūges ÿ be bady
Wil mocke & ſaie/a knaue hath broke a lad

Lete galante go/I mene recheles ruſkyn
Take hede my chylde to ſuche as be cōnyng
So ſhal ye beſt worſhip conquere & wynne
Enforce you in al your demenyng
To folowe vertu/& fro folye declynyng
And waite wel that ye loue honeſte
Whiche is accordyng vnto humanyte

That is for you/to vnderſtonde & knowe
That your araye/be manerly reſonable
Not apyſſhe/on to mocken ne to mowe
To nyce araye/that is not commendable
Fetis newe founden by foolis vnpuffitable
That make ÿ world ſo plainly trāſformate
That men ſemen almoſte enfemynate

Playe not Jack malapert / that is to ſaye
Beware of preſumpcōn / beware of pryde
Take not ẏ firſt place my child by the waye
Tyl other be ſette / right manerly abyde
Preſumpcious men often ſet a ſyde
And alleday aualyd / as men may ſee
And he is ſette vp / that hath humylyte
And he is ſette vp that hath humilite
To connyng perſones regarde ye take
Where ye be ſette / right in ententyf wyſe
Connyng folk / connyng men ſhal make
To their cōnyng ye ſhal make your ſurmiſe
And as they do / ye muſte your ſelf deuyſe
For this my child / is as the goſpel trewe
Who wil be cōnyng / he muſt ẏ cōnyng ſewe

And one thing / I warne you ſpecyally
To womanhede / take alle alweye
And them to ſerue / loke ye haue an eye
And theire cōmandementis that ye obeye
Pleſant wordes I auyſe you to them ſeye
And in alle wyſe / do ye your diligence
To do them pleſure / and reuerence

And at this tyme this tretye ſhal ſuffiſe
Diſpoſe you/ to kepe it in your mynde
The doctrine whiche for you I deuyſe
And doubteth not/ful wel ye ſhal it finde
To your honour/enrolle it vp and bynde
Right in your breſte/and at your riper age
I ſhal wryte to you/herof the ſurpluſage

Go lytyl John/and who doth you appoſe
Sayng your quayer / kepe non accordance
Telle hym as yet/neyther in ryme ne proſe
Ye ben expert/praye hym of ſuffrãce
Chyldren muſte be/of chyldly gouernãce
And alſo they muſte entretyd be
With eſy thing/and not with ſubtylte
Go lytil quayer/ſubmytte you euery where
Vnder correccõn of benyuolence
And where enuye is / loke ye come not there
For ony thinge/kepe your tretye thens
Enuye is ful of froward reprehens
And how to hurte/lyeth euer in a wayte
Kepe your quayer/that it be not ther bayte
Explicit the book of curteſye.

Typ of Hoffman

to the reader./

Here must thou learne thy selfe howe to behave
within this curteous booke of ruterie
therin is all the summe that thou ought crave
for this his painfull industrie
whiche did compile this booke for use of thee
that nowe this read thou courteouslie him use
sith for thy gaine did not his paine refuse

whose booke though it be old defacd and torne
by space of tyme which ruinates all things
this littell treatise, therfore in no wise scorne
for to the reader it great prouffitt bringes
if thou but marke, ~~but~~ all what he treates and singes
for oftentymes an old and aged tree
bringes better fruit then those that younger be

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